

MEXICO

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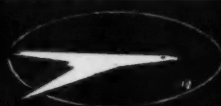
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OF SPECIAL INTEREST

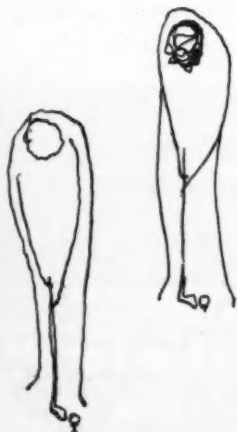
Candelaria. Being the patron saint of numerous Mexican towns, the Virgin of Candelaria is good reason for celebration, with some fiestas lasting as much as a week. This is also the official wind-up of the Christmas season, believe it or not. The person whose piece of "King Day" cake contained the porcelain doll is traditionally the party host on this day, Feb. 2.

Carnaval, which is the Mexican way of saying Mardi Gras. The difference perhaps lies in the fact that it is usually a one-week celebration in Mexico instead of a one-day whoop-de-do to prepare for an austere Lent. The best Carnavales (Feb. 4-10 this year) are in the state of Veracruz, but you'll find them in just about every corner of Mexico. Details in Fiestas and Spectacles.

Constitution Day is Feb. 5, when all of Mexico's Constitutional reforms are wrapped into one, starting with Constitution of 1857, Benito Juarez' liberal reforms, and the Constitution of 1917.

Chemical Exhibit. During the entire month the International Congress and Exposition of the Chemical Industries will occupy the huge National Auditorium in Chapultepec Park.

Commercial Fair unlike any commercial fair you've ever seen is held at Matías Romero in the state of Oaxaca, Feb. 22-26. See Fiestas & Spectacles for particulars.



Mexican Golf Open Tournament, an early February (no date set at press time) event that attracts top flight American and Argentina golfers, among others, to Mexico.

Preview

WHAT TO SEE, WHERE TO GO IN

february

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FEBRUARY climate

CITY	(°F.) TEMP.	(Inches) RAIN
Acapulco	79	—
Cuernavaca	67	0.2
Guadalajara	61	0.2
Mérida	74	0.6
México, D. F.	56	0.3
Monterrey	62	0.9
Oaxaca	66	0.1
Puebla	60	0.2
Taxco	69	0.2
Tehuantepec	66	0.2
Veracruz	71	0.6

fiestas & spectacles

February 2, San Juan de los Lagos, Jalisco. This is the starting point of two full weeks of boisterous fiesta-ing with all the necessary ingredients of fireworks, cockfights, tequila, open markets. The basis for all this celebrating is an annual tribute to the Virgin of San Juan de los Lagos and several hundred thousand pilgrims are on hand for the goings-on. Highlight of the fiesta is a pageant-dance that re-enacts battles between the Christians and the Moors in olden Spain.

February 2, San Juan Teotihuacán, Mexico. A noted archeological spot that comes remarkably alive on this day to celebrate *Nuestra Señora de la Candelaria*. It is 32 miles north of Mexico City.

February 2-8, Tlacotalpan, Veracruz. Another *Candelaria*-inspired feast that this year moves right into Mardi Gras celebrations. It is notable for its nocturnal parades of grotesque figures and duelling musicians who improvise gratuitous insults to each other at 20 paces, or thereabouts.

February 2, Villa Hidalgo, Oaxaca. *La Virgen de Candelaria* is observed in purer religious keeping here, but with a curious Indian twist or two.

February 4-10, Mardi Gras. A week-long reign of Juan Carnaval, the spirit of good times that holds forth in the final days before Lent. Veracruz is the center of *Carnavalesco*, but its uninhibited gaiety has close matches in such far-spread Mexican cities as Mazatlán, Tampico, Mérida, Morelia, Guadalajara, Monterrey, Ensenada, Campeche, Guaymas and Los Mochis. Despite the hilarious uproar of these extended fiestas, you can distinguish a pattern: Beginning on Thursday (Feb. 5, this year) an appointed King

and Queen give the glitter of royalty to proceedings, these ranging from allegorical parades, flower battles, and lavish masquerades. The fun doesn't stop until Ash Wednesday, with the symbolic burial of our friend *Juan Carnaval*.

Some departures from the pattern are found in San Juan Chamula, in Chiapas, where barefooted Indian dancers perform on an avenue of dry grass set afire; in the village of Huejotzingo, Puebla, where a spectacle tells of the battles between the French Zouave invaders and the Mexican defenders, and in Xochimilco, where Mardi Gras and the Xaltocán Fair are rolled into one celebration.

February 14, Mexico City. The Valentine's Day Ball has become the very top affair in

Mexico City's social calendar. It is the local version of the Black and White Ball, with proceeds going to the education and rehabilitation of the blind in a program sponsored by the Comité Internacional Pro Ciegos. A strictly formal ball and midnight supper, the guest list is held to 400 people, each of whom pay 200 pesos (\$16) to attend. A few last-minute tickets are sometimes available and if you want to take part you should check with Mrs. E. H. N. Reid (telephone, 20-14-53). The Ball takes place in the Candiles Room of the Del Prado Hotel.

February 22-26, Matías Romero, Oaxaca. A town notable for its local charm and beautiful women uses a commercial fair as the excuse for a wonderful regional get-together.

Dancers wearing the richly-colored Tehuana costume perform almost continually; there are fireworks, allegorical parades, marimba serenades, and — as we mentioned — a commercial fair. In this case, you'll find the best examples of typical Oaxacan products and popular art objects from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

art

Galerías de la Ciudad de México. in the upper part of the pergolas in Alameda Central. An exhibition starting Feb. 9 of 185 lithographs by Manuel Chacon. The show is titled *From Continent to Continent*.

Instituto de Arte de Mexico, Puebla 141. Collective exhibit called *Japanese Engravings of Today*.

Galerías Romano, José María Marroqui 5. A show of oils and watercolors by Carlos López Soriano.

Galerías Antonio Souza, Génova 62, second floor. Recent works by Alice Rahon.

Galerías Proteo, Génova 34, second floor.

In the Sala Grande, paintings by Patrik, the show opening Feb. 19 and remaining up until March 18. In the Sala de Arte Libre, from Feb. 18 to March 14, a collection by Felipe Fábregat.

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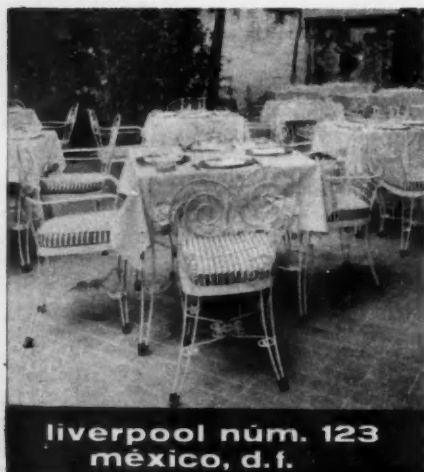
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restaurant

Centro de Arte Moderno, Av. Juárez 4. Works by Rivera, Tamayo, Dr. Atl, Orozco, Romero, and other big names are on permanent exhibit.

Jardín del Arte, in Sullivan Park. Montparnasse in Mexico: artists from the National Institute of Mexican Youth present these Sunday morning outdoor exhibitions.

Museo de Arte Moderno, Palacio de Bellas Artes, Av. Juárez and San Juan de Letrán. An enormous exhibit of contemporary art from various countries fills up the new modern art section at the Fine Arts Palace.

Museo Clemente Orozco Hamburgo 113. Just opened recently, this gallery is dedicated to showing the works left by Orozco.

Museo Nacional de Artes e Industrias Populares, Av. Juárez 44. Permanent and complete sale exhibition of popular arts and crafts from every corner of Mexico. A browser's paradise.

Galería de Arte Mexicano, Milán 18. Exhibition of oils by Fernando Castro Pacheco.

music

Primitive Music—Fascinating studies are being conducted into indigenous music by the National Institute of Anthropology and History. Through arrangements made with music director Luis Aurelia you can hear some of these recordings.

cultural exchange

Round Table Discussions—held every Tuesday evening between 6 and 8 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cuba Jones, Chilpancingo 23. Some 35 to 45 Mexicans and Americans attend these discussions, often hear a guest speaker or simply exchange ideas on culture, economics, social matters in the United States and Mexico.

Conversation Group, held from 6 to 8 at the Mexican-Northamerican Institute of Cultural Relations, Hamburgo 115 each Monday, Wednesday and Friday. A chance to practice Spanish with Mexicans who want to learn English.

theater

Despedida de Soltera—A diverting Mexican comedy by Alfonso Anaya relating the spark-flying entanglements of a young girl's engagement party. With Chula Prieto, Aurora Segura, Georgina Barragán, and Judy Ponte. Directed by Rafael Banquells. Teatro Sullivan, Sullivan 25. Tel. 46-07-72. Two performances daily at 7:15 and 9:45 p.m. Sundays 5 and 8.

Detras de Esa Puerta—A new suspense comedy by Federico S. Inclán dealing with political exiledom. With Pin Crespo, Francisco Jambrina, Claudio Brook, and Juan José Martínez Casado. Directed by Virgilio Mariel in the Teatro de la Rotonda (Av. Cuauhtémoc and Diagonal de San Antonio). Nightly at 9 p.m., Saturdays 7:15 and 9:45, and Sundays 5 and 8.

Jano Es Una Muchacha—Return run of a successful Mexican dramatic comedy by Ro-

dolfo Usigli. Under the direction of Fernando Wagner, with Maricruz Olivier and Luz María Nuñez as the feminine leads.

Mi Hermosa Dama—which is Spanish for My Fair Lady. The smashing Broadway and elsewhere) success has been translated into Spanish and will go on for the first time in Monterrey, Nuevo León. Staging is by Manolo Fábregas who is also the producer and principal actor. Elisa is being done by the new star Cristina Rojas and others in the cast are Anita Blanch, Magda Donato, Miguel Suárez, Salvador Quiroz and Mario Alberto Rodríguez. Songs were put in Spanish by Luis de Llano, and the orchestra is under Mario Ruiz Armengol. Teatro María Tereza Montoya in Monterrey, with two nightly performances, at 7 and 10.

La Terrible Ginger—This is an extended run of the Ronald Alexander comedy interpreted by Tere Velásquez. Landeta and Cardona have the direction and production with Erna Marta Bauman and Miguel Manzano. Teatro del Bosque, back of the National Auditorium in Chapultepec Park. Tel. 20-90-10. Performances nightly at 8:30; Saturdays 7:15 and 9:45; Sundays 5 and 8.

Children's Theater—The popular afternoon presentations for children are being extended through February by the Cultural and Artistic Union of the Chapultepec Forest. Manuel Lozana is handling production. Recreo Infantil del Bosque (Teatro Orientación), in back of the National Auditorium. Each day at 5 p.m.

Un Sombrero Lleno de Paja—Hatful of Rain in Spanish, directed by Xavier Rojas and featuring Lilia Prado, Miguel Manzano, José Gálvez, Freddy Fernández, and Sergio Villagrán. Sala Chopin, Insurgentes and Puebla. Tel. 11-38-17. Performances at 8:30 p.m., Saturdays 7:15 and 9:45, and Sundays 5 and 8.

sports

Boxing—Arena Coliseo, Perú 77. Fights are on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays beginning at 9 p.m. On some Saturdays a card is scheduled at the Arena Mexico, Dr. Río de la Loza 94, at which time the Arena Coliseo closes.

Baseball—There will be no organized baseball in Mexico City until the opening of the Class-AA Mexican League which has merged its schedule with that of the Texas League. Thus, teams from Texas will be in action at

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Frontón Metropolitano — Bahía de Todos Santos 190. Women players using racquets billed here. Functions Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays at 4:15 pm. On Monday, play gets going at 4:30. There is no program Thursdays.

Frontón México — R. Arizpe y Plaza de la República. Matches everyday except Monday. Tuesdays and Wednesdays the card starts at 7:30 pm. Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, match time is 6:00 pm.

Soccer — Olympic Stadium on Insurgentes. Matches are held Sundays at noon, sometimes on Wednesday and Thursday nights, between certain of the 14 teams in the Major Soccer League. On Sundays, a preliminary is offered at 10 am.

Wrestling — Arena Coliseo, Perú 77. Matches Tuesdays and Fridays at 7:30 pm. Sundays at 5 pm.

Golf — The Mexican Open will be held at the Chapultepec Golf Club early in February, but at press time the exact date had not been set. Outstanding golfers from the United States and Argentina usually compete in what amounts to the biggest scheduled link tournament held in Mexico.

horses

Charros — Mexican charros work out every Sunday morning at 11 am. at the following ranches:

Hipódromo de las Américas — Lomas de Sotelo, Mexico City. Racing Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays with the first parade to the post at 2 pm. Pari-mutuel betting machines available. The top race in February is on the 15th: the Good Neighbor Handicap for four-year-olds and upwards. A mile and one-sixteenth run that carries with it an additional purse of 100,000 pesos.

Rancho La Tapatía, Calzada del Molino del Rey, near Los Pinos, the president's residence.

Rancho Grande de La Villa, at the foot of Los Indios Verdes, entrance of the Laredo highway.

Rancho Santa Anita, Calzada de la Viga, Santa Anita, D. F.

Rancho de Charros, on Ejército Nacional.

bullfights

El Toreo, Cuatro Caminos — Except for an occasional unscheduled *novillada*, this small ring will be closed for the winter.

Plaza México, Avenida Insurgentes. At long last, the formal season has begun. Until the mid-spring months there will be a *corrida* every Sunday at 4 pm. There still is no agreement between Mexican and Spanish bullfighters, but you can expect the leading *matadores* of this country to be making appearances in the ring.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST IN COMING MONTHS

Home Fair — Known locally as FERIA del Hogar, this is a grand-scale exhibition of all the things produced for the home in Mexico. Manufacturers think up some ingenious gimmicks and the displays themselves are often works of art. In the National Auditorium, months of April and May.

National Symphony Orchestra — Under the direction of Luis Herrera de la Fuente and an occasional guest conductor, the National Orchestra of Mexico will offer its spring season during March, April, and May. This is the same group that drew such universal acclaim during its recent world tour.

Eighth Mexican Horsemen's Association Classic, March 1, at the Hipódromo de las Américas in Mexico City. Handicap for three-year-olds and up, seven and a half furlongs, with 30,000 added peso purse.

Seventeenth Jockey Club Stakes at the Hipódromo, on March 29. This first of the Mexican Triple Crown events is for three-year-olds on a one-mile run, and carries an extra \$35,000-peso purse.

Holy Week Passion Plays will be fervently enacted by the respective townspeople of many villages. The most outstanding will occur in Ixtapalapa, D. F.; Taxco; Tepoztlán, near Cuernavaca; Chiapa de Corzo, Chiapas; San Antonio de la Isla, near Toluca; and Tzintzuntzan on the edge of Lake Patzcuaro in Michoacán.

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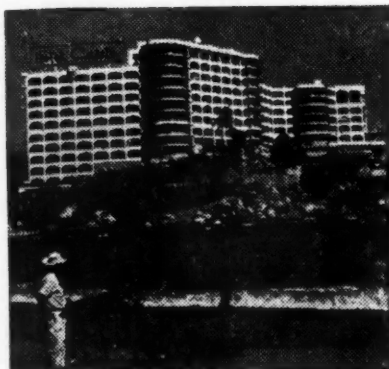
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The season in Acapulco is in full swing: Nightly parties, hotel inaugurations, fancy dress affairs, fishing parties, moonlight picnics, golf, tennis, yatching and water skiing.

Two national holidays in February promise added action: February 5th is the Day of the Constitution, and February 24th is Flag Day. Many Acapulco-ites will be out with confetti, banners, and noisemakers.

New hotels are opening, offering everything from the intimate and cozy to the grand and luxurious in accommodations. Two of the most spectacular additions are the Hotel Pan Americano and the Hotel Maris.

In answer to the many inquiries requesting specific information on Acapulco, here is a rundown:

Transportation: Six flights daily to and from Mexico City via Aeronaves de Mexico; two weekend flights from Los Angeles to Acapulco and back via Cia. Mexicana de Aviación (CMA). Estrella de Oro runs eight first class buses daily, and five express de luxe (double decker, airconditioned, stewardess service). By car from Mexico City on toll highways, the drive is about five and a half hours.

Sports:

Fishing. Launches for deep sea fishing available at downtown docks or through hotel travel desks. Prices quoted include bait, tackle, and cokes. Hotels will put up a box lunch at your request.

Skin Diving. Various schools give lessons and rent equipment. Shops rent equipment without instruction. The waters of the bay and along the coast afford extraordinary under-sea beauties.

Water Skiing. Several schools and the Acapulco Ski Club offer lessons under championship instructors. Seventy-five pesos per hour.

Golf. Nine-hole course, clubs for rent.

Tennis. Good courts available. Early morning hours are preferable to avoid the heat of the day.

Jai Alai. Nightly almost around the calendar.

Bullfights. During the winter season, at 5 p. m. on Sundays.

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From our readers

LAMENTABLE AFFAIR

NOW you tell me that my subscription expired. Why didn't you write me before so I didn't miss an issue? Shame on you. Can you send me the copies I missed

Here is my check for TWO YEARS. Don't let this lamentable affair happen again.

Blanche Dreyfuss
Forest Hills, New York

OR ETCETERA

Need information, as four young in-heart men (37 to 40) are looking forward to Aca-pulco vacation but do not wish to overlook Mexico City possibilities. By chance can you suggest meeting places for Mexico City counter-part to the 26-35 year old "Nice Gals"—white collar office girls or etc.

I must hasten to say the writer is quite sane,

However, serious.

Incidentally, can at any time offer suggestions to any of your readers wishing to visit Chicago.

Michael M. Gordon
1220 N. State Pkwy.
Chicago 10, Ill.

BLITHE SWALLOW

"...I enjoyed December's bit on the Person to Person page about inter-American relationships and the objectives your magazine has taken in order to "bridge the many... hostilities between the people of Mexico and the United States."

With regard to the quibble over airlines advertising (Ed's Note: the Angus contribution for December), is not this loose form of verbal propaganda you cited the very basis of all modern publicity? Words are thrown into company so that they might form a catchy slogan (if it sticks it'll sell, reason the copywriters) and we are supposed to blithely swallow the pill whether it is rationally palatable or not.

At any rate, you have the blessings of this thankful reader.

Robert E. Rowley
403 Mesa Drive
Rt. 3, Ojai, Calif.

MEXOPHILE ON THE LOOSE

If there's such a word as "Mexophile" (and if there isn't there should be) it describes me. For some reason which I can never satisfactorily explain, Mexico is my dish. In 1951 my son and I spent a couple of days at Nuevo Laredo. Border towns get some people down but all N. L. did was whet my appetite. In 1954 for a few days I was in Mexico City (being *solo* I was *muy triste*) then a few days in Potosi and a few in Saltillo. Two weeks in Monterrey in 1955 and two in Saltillo in 1956. That, and what I've read is what I know of Mexico.

... Just wanted you to know that I like MTM. It has a "feel" about it that can be summed up in that one much overused word, *simpatico*.

Cordially Yours,
John Redmond
140 Helois St.
Metairie, La.

AUDIENCE REACTION

Along with my renewal I enclose the program and the Times and Tribune reviews of the marvelous Carnegie Hall Concert of the Symphony Orchestra of Mexico.

The reviewers do not go into the audience appreciation which was warmly enthusiastic. There were three curtain calls after Huapango-five after Sinfonia India, and six after the Shostakovich Symphony, whereupon the orchestra encored with a repetition of Huapango which delighted everyone. The orchestra stood for the several ovations when de la Fuente gestured graciously that it was their performance.

The house wasn't packed, but it was good. Holders of two boxes draped their balconies with serapes; Mexicans were evident in the audience, but there seemed to be no official delegation. Those of us who love Mexico were very happy, and a wonderful radiance showed on the faces of a couple of very old Mexican ladies, lovingly escorted by younger members of their families.

Estelle Prieto Sammis
(Mrs. Austin Sammis)
Northport, L. I., New York

Vol. V, No. 2, February, 1959

MEXICO/ this month

EDITOR

Anita Brenner

Calle Atenas 46-601 Ph. 46-76-85

ART: Vlady, PROMOTION: Robert S. Benjamin.

PUBLIC RELATIONS, PUBLICITY: Alfonso Dagnino.

ADVERTISING: Ben Bowling.

ASSISTANTS: Donald Demarest, Guillermo Rousset B., Patricia Ross, Maria Elena Tamayo, Antonio Menendez, Toss Olsen.

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PUBLISHER, Gráfica de México, S. A. Atenas 42-601.

PRINTER, "Policromías", Dr. Olvera 63, México, D. F.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$3.00 dollars per year, 35 pesos.

Autorizado como correspondencia de segunda clase en la Administración de Correos No. 1, México, D. F., el 2 de Agosto de 1955. Porte pagado.

Our Cover: Hearts and Flowers, as is proper in February; but only one aspect of this peculiar month in Mexico. Person to Person tells you more.



PHOTO CREDITS:

Page 9, top Mayo, lower Social; p. 10, left and upper Mary St. Albans, lower Cia. Mexicana Aerofoto; p. 11, Nacho Lopez; p. 12, upper left Mayo, center Arquitectura, lower Cia. Mexicana Aerofoto; p. 16, lower Marianne Goeritz; p. 17, upper Mayo; p. 18, lower Muriel Reger; p. 20, all Cia. Mexicana Aerofoto except inset, by Marianne Goeritz.

This little hook (MTM's sign), swiped from the Aztec codices, means words, music, wind and waves.

person to person

Febrero Loco — crazy February — is how this unpredictable, exciting and always interesting month is known here.

Something about the conjunction of the platypus, is it? Or the rising of the dog star? Anyway it's a month of capers and crises: in which, because it is the height of the dry season (or winter) Nature is at an ebb and therefore from Time Immemorial, what else, the makers of magic congregate at this time of the year to exert all their power combined, in case Nature has been getting any ideas about changing her cycles and seasons. And, having put forth all that they can emanate, the makers of magic have to replenish too.

So they have congresses at the most power-infused shrines, such as Chalma for instance, and the region roundabout, in the state of Mexico. There are many festivals appearing to be innocent "pilgrimages", which are in reality the Elders and Eldresses of black, white, and other magics, getting together to read scientific papers; their equivalent thereof.

So we were very happy to have one of our most hep collaborators bring in some pictures and research on the subject, which we are publishing in this appropriate season. Along with, notes on the Carnival festivities that mark the high point of *Febrero Loco* in many places of note, each loco-er than the next, and gay to exhaustion in some. St. Valentine with his hearts and flowers is probably sort of on the staid side in such propinquity, but there's something about that date too, that fits *Febrero Loco*. Yes. Go to the head of the class.

For the serious-minded and news-conscious, we did a roundup of the most fascinating aspect of modern urbanity here, which is the race to keep up with the race, if you know what we mean. An old sidekick of ours from the Brooklyn Daily Eagle (think of that!) blew in pretending to be writing a novel. We put him promptly to work, and consider that his piece on Urbania, Exurbania, Space, and all that as faced and met by some Mexican plan-

ners is one of the most exciting stories we've had.

Meanwhile *Life*, we hear, has caught up with some of the dramatic spectacular stuff we've been reporting about how Mexico City has been multiplying, at a rate, space as well as population wise, that probably is unique even in this century. One of their best photographers, Frank Scherschel, has done what is bound to be a beautiful set of sights and insights of Urbania hereabouts — so if they're not out by the time we reach you, watch for it.



All inadvertently too, we found ourselves extra in the Big Time: for there exploded on our phone the age-old battle (which must date back as far as the war between the sexes) between the Adv. and the Edit.

It seems our Angus, who is really not the same as the Editor but a prominent Mexico City businessman who does us the favor of blowing his personal gasket in interesting and amusing form every month, blew it in December in the direction of our colleagues the other thwarted Creative Writers, who make with their thwarts in advertising copy, glamorizing things such that the minute you choose to buy whatever they're adjectivizing you should feel you are doing a big piece of Gracious Living; otherwise *not*.

They do it of course with sheets and with soap and with what not, including autos, (which happens to be Angus' business) but he had just been flying and so happened to pick on the golden corn that some of the poets employed by airline accounts cook up; who in turn — as you can well imagine — promptly picked on us, and pretty bitterly too.

We had no idea that airlines could be so sensitive to artistic criticism, having had the simple-minded notion that people would appreciate (figure our innocence!) hearing that somebody wasn't pleased about something, so they could quickly correct it.

There are some airlines that we dearly love, remembering the perfect fruit and cheese and coffee at exactly the right chill

moment in mid-afternoon over the Rockies; as well as the warm socks. While there are others we abhor, remembering the surly manner in which one or another problem was not taken care of nicely and with due care for our peace and comfort.

We thought other people felt the same, and that the kind of words that the trips and vehicles get wrapped up in weren't any serious issue to anyone much, or rather couldn't be.

But it seems we were wrong. And how wrong...

So as you see Angus has been banished and at present occupies not a cloud but the doghouse, and we're saying sorry so sorry to every hurt feeling we're told about; and we mean it too. After all...

Happily for us there arrived in the same dark hour, a handsomely increasing batch of subs. Also a big white square envelope, which, being marked Supreme Court, scared the pants off us for the moment. It contained a lovely note, though, practically embossed, and there was a lovely money order in it. And when a judge of the Supreme Court of Mexico takes all that trouble to congratulate us and buy a sub, well, we feel rewarded in the spirit anyway and strong enough to cope even with Adv.

P. S. Our accounting dep't. says it will take only 9,713 more of those lovely subs to put us where we can bring Angus back.

Edit.



NATIONAL PANORAMA

A BALANCED BUDGET
FOR 1959

AS RELEASED TO MTM BY THE BUREAU
OF ECONOMIC RESEARCH OF THE
NACIONAL FINANCIERA, S. A.

The federal budget for 1959 calls for expenditures of 9,386 million pesos, against income estimated at 9,390 million. These figures are 12% higher than last year's, in line with the continued growth of the Mexican economy.

The Government's intent is to devote as much as possible of available funds to public investment for economic and social development, while continuing to pursue monetary stability. Investments to be carried out this year will aim at stimulating private investment, increasing job opportunities and furthering regional development. They have been carefully estimated so as not to give rise to inflationary pressures.

Direct government investment is to be concentrated, as in the past, on building up the country's social overhead capital — highways, railroads, ports, air transport, irrigation, etc. The administration will also continue to support expansion of productive capacity of official and mixed enterprises in basic sectors of the economy through budget allotments and holdings of securities.

Other services and activities will contribute to agricultural and industrial development, so that a total of 3,956 million pesos, or 42% of estimated expenditures, is planned for economic development.

Education and social welfare activities are planned for 27% of total outlay, a bigger share than last year. Special emphasis is to be given to extending and improving elementary education.

The new Tourist Department will have budget funds for improving facilities and general promotion in this field.

The increased government revenues estimated for 1959 are expected to result from higher levels of business activity and no important tax changes are planned.

News and Comment

AS PRESIDENT LOPEZ MATEOS new administration begins to build up steam, *Co-ordination* emerges as the key word. There is a good deal of overhauling and retooling going on, re-organizing and updating of clumsy government machinery that seems all the more obsolete because of the extremely rapid changes of modern-day Mexico.

The new President's experienced administrative eye immediately spotted this big need for *co-ordination*. He is applying it on two fronts. One is activity down the line from top federal leadership on to municipalities to stimulate and strengthen democratic action. The other, all-out emphasis on *Education*, which swings back to earlier days in modern Mexican history in which the idealism of intellectual leadership reached out to the villages and the farthest Indian grass-roots. The impulse, now being repeated, to try to close the immense gap between the grass-root masses and the industrial and intellectual urbanites, all of which is to further stimulate the all-out national drive that is Mexico's modern goal: to stand, walk, and when necessary, run, on its own feet...

BALANCING the pleasant, positive, reassuring word *co-ordination*, recent news has had to do with cuckoo or anyway disorganized and unco-ordinated going-on elsewhere. Like the out-of-the-blue machinegunning of Mexican shrimp fishing boats off the coast of Guatemala, at the direct orders of Guatemala's President Ydigoras. Once upon a time this would have been the signal for bugles to blow and the boys to march to war, but Mexicans reacted mostly with amazement that anyone should be so infantile as to try to settle differences by such uncouth and impractical means... throwing bombs and all that.

AND THEN there was the downfall of Cuba's strongman Batista, and his replacement

Mexico, sympathetic but humane, watched the new regime take over with mixed feelings: for years Mexico had been one of the favorite refuges for behind-the-scene rebel forces. Around a thousand of them were here, by best estimate.

They were anxious to get back home once the battle was over, as could be expected. But just how anxious we didn't realize until our boys were making the rounds of MTM at the various embassies. When they arrived at the Cuban Embassy they found a scene midway between Mardi Gras and a refugee camp: Hundreds of happy but of anxious Cubans were practically living in the Embassy, surrounded by all their possessions, waiting for their names to be called to board the next plane for Havana.



Author Rodman, seen by Mathias Goeritz.

ON THE LESS TRANSCENDENTAL side is the controversy that has been going in the cultural pages of some of the dailies over Selden Rodman's recent book, "Mexican Journal... The Conquerors Reconquered."

The author's procedure, which was to interview (or rather, meet and talk to a lot of people) and then quote them in reference to burning questions and each other — and not always accurately — produced an intra-demolition of the Mexican art world and some literary people. Such a book years ago would have brought thunderbolts of condemnation and protest down on the author. It would have also created a lot of personal feuds and ends of lifelong friendships.

But as it was, the papers politely published pros and cons and quotes and unquotes, and the cultural page of *Novedades* did a bit of demolishing on its own that was pure genius. Its head on a second or third piece about the book was: "Dear God! Another Controversy!"



DAY OF THE KINGS, new faces in old garb, as seen by the cartoonist for "Espectador" are Cuba's rebel Fidel Castro, Mexico's Foreign Minister Manuel Tello, Guatemala's president Miguel Ydigoras.

4
6
10

Exuberant top-blowing is the order of the day, or rather, the order of the week. For Mexico takes the seven days preceding Lent and wraps them up into a big package called Carnival, a package filled with parades, masked balls, allegorical pageants and fancy floats—and all packed in loads of confetti.

For some reason, the closer you get to the ocean the more hilarity you find in the Mexican Mardi Gras. Veracruz, Mérida, Mazatlán, and Ensenada have the most uninhibited carnivals, and as you move inland the gaiety makes slightly more sense by centering around traditional pageants, parades, and plays. But madcap Juan Carnaval still shows his foolish head even as far in as Morelia, where they like to fill eggshells with water and shower the crowds with A—(for agua) Bombs.

14

In February

The fanciest affair on the social calendar in Mexico City falls on Valentine's Day, when the Comité Internacional Pro Ciegos (International Committee for the Blind) sponsors a fund-raising Ball in a downtown hotel. The dance and midnight supper brings out the elite in their best gowns and white ties and calls attention to a quietly-efficient charitable organization that has accomplished wonders in helping the blind of Mexico and Latin America.

Until now the Pro Ciegos committee has been largely responsible for the great number of Braille books and magazines published in Spanish, including a complete Spanish dictionary for the first time. But this year the group is expanding its activities to the education and rehabilitation of the sightless.

Being a money-losing venture the project needs funds, and the annual Ball—this is the sixth one—is one way of filling the treasury. Another is the program of the Valentine's Day Ball, a work of art the size of a telephone book, filled with the best efforts of advertisers who have come to covet the high-prestige prizes given each year to the best ads.



in February



BEST BIR AND TUCKER: High society of Mexico City turns out on Valentine's Day for the annual formal ball and midnight supper to raise money for rehabilitation of the blind. At right is one of the advertisements appearing in the handsome Valentine's Day Ball program. In photo above, from left, are H. H. Burrell, Mrs. Edith Kwack de Feng, Harry Block, Mrs. Henriette Paloubet de Hess, U. S. Ambassador Robert C. Hill, Chih-Tsing Feng, Mrs. Malé Cabrera de Block, Jerome Hess, and, close to camera, Mrs. Hill.

RUNAWAY GIGANTICISM

Explosive industrialization and skyrocketing population are causing new problems in urban space...



HOME IS A MEXICAN'S CASTLE, even when it is a humble cave dwelling, as at left, with its flowers growing in oil cans. Above is how modern architecture transforms a similar cave.



Here are some of Mexico's imaginative solutions.

by Ralph Winnett

Mexican authorities are seriously concerned these days about a type of explosion which produces no lethal fallout, but which requires the control of space and the launching of huge satellites.

A sample satellite, designed to contain thousands of men, women and children, has already been placed in the orbit of Mexico City. It is visible in broad daylight to any tourist motor-ing southward into the nation's capital. You can't miss it. Five pylons, seemingly hewn from lunar rock, tower above the hills to mark its location.

It is called Satellite City, and though at the moment it amounts to little more than a fabulous landscape and an ingenious set of blue-

SPACE AND MORE SPACE: Moving out away from the crowded cities are whole new towns. At right is the new Ciudad Politécnica on Mexico City outskirts.





THIS IS THE ENEMY: City overcrowding. In a planned program of decentralization, Mexico is moving into the open.

prints, it will soon provide housing for about 200,000 urbanites scheduled to mushroom into the space outside Mexico City.

This is because one of the most explosive substances currently under production in Mexico consists, quite simply and happily of Mexicans. There are about 32-million now; in 20 years (according to UN estimates) there will be 52-million. Twenty years after that and the population will touch 100-million.

Science, industry and economic progress which have produced the nuclear megaton elsewhere can be credited with the more cheerful bang taking place below the Rio Grande. Among the masses of peasants and low income laborers, where birth used to be a kind of gamble with death, the advent of miracle drugs has dramatically increased the odds, not only of survival, but survival to old age. Industry has further upped the odds through an impressive improvement in living standards. Also, the *ejido* system of small land holdings has given the peasant population a vision of life

radically different from the peon's-eye view of two generations ago — a vision in which birth and old age make sense, in which independence, ownership, and high wages are possible. This psychological revolution has occurred despite indifferent success of the *ejido* as a framework for the agricultural economy.

Mexico has learned that populations are capable of exploding even when life doesn't make much sense. And without a crash program of community planning — of which Satellite City is but one example — the sheer weight of increasing numbers could crush the meaning out of the merely healthy existence that science and industry are bringing to this country.

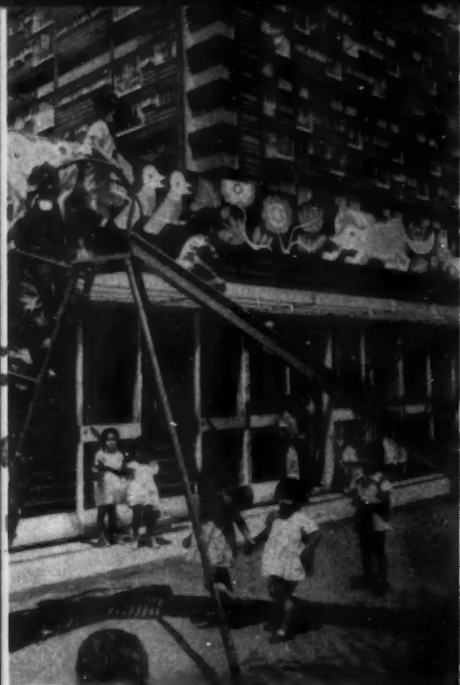
When the peasant thinks of improving his wages he thinks of the big cities, and with reason. The Mexican government, through a patronal system of banking and pump-priming, has made the large urban centers beehives of industrial expansion.

In Mexico's urban centers, as in all cities, slums tend to form according to a routine pattern: poor housing, occupied by low income

groups, becomes bad housing occupied by still lower income groups. The fact that the previous occupants may move to better quarters on better streets does not prevent the onset of another type of dislocation, a kind of arteriosclerosis in which the city's overburdened facilities, instead of expanding, tend to harden and clog.

Thus, the Mexican population is not merely exploding; it is exploding in the wrong direction — into the cities, which are now doubling in size approximately every twelve years.

The biggest problem, that of Mexico City itself, can be discerned in the following figures. In 1921, the capital had a population of 615,000; this increased to 1,029,000 in 1930, 1,448,000 in 1940 and 2,235,000 in 1950. The estimate for 1960 is 5,242,000. In spite of heroic efforts by the Mexico City administration to provide sufficient utilities, 11 per cent of the residents live in *jacales* — shanties without electricity, running water, or sewage; 14 per cent are in so-called proletarian districts characterized by inadequate construction; and



MULTIFAMILIARES, as housing developments are called in Mexico, are planned with extravagant use of space for parks and playground areas.

Below is an aerial view showing the building arrangement of the huge President Juárez development in the heart of Mexico City. At right, and above, are views of the built-in recreation areas. Note the mural topping in the photo above, which shows how beauty, as well as space, is deemed necessary in even low cost housing.

27 per cent in old, poorly maintained houses. Only 14 per cent have first-class homes. The picture is similar in such industrial centers as Monterrey and Guadalajara.

This urban gigantism confronts Mexico with a paradox typical of democracies: the government, alarmed by the human problems which would not deeply disturb an authoritarian regime, is at the same time unwilling to tackle the problems by authoritarian methods.

The methods actually used vary widely. In general they fall into a category located somewhere between capitalism and socialism... best described, perhaps, by one word: Mexican. For example, the government in certain cases must permit shantytowns, for reasons which would sound strange to non-Mexican ears: the Indian inhabitants, recently graduated from adobe huts, sometimes resist exhortations to move into better quarters. And where such resistance is not offered experience has shown that the abrupt introduction of former peasants into advanced housing projects leads to trouble — adjustment difficulties for the ex-peasants, who tend to drift back into more familiar, more squalid

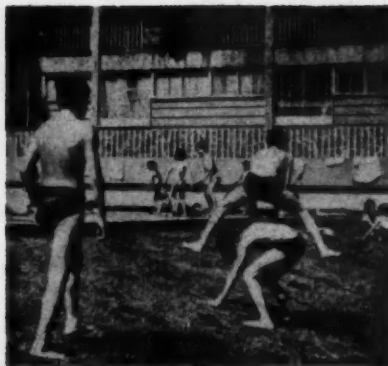
surroundings; and repair difficulties for the housing authorities, who may literally have to pick up the pieces after the tenants are gone. It has therefore been found most practical — not only from the economic but from the social standpoint — to offer modern urban housing to elements more familiar with the 20th century. The old quarters they vacate then serve as a school in city life for countrified immigrants, who presently learn their lesson and become ready for better dwellings.

To northern ears the phrase "alum clearance project" may suggest prisonlike blocks that substitute a geometric squalor for the obsolete squalor that existed before. In this country architects have not only taken the curse off the housing project; they have imparted something very much like an esthetic blessing. This has not been inexpensive. Money and space which might have provided room for more home-hungry tenants have been lavished instead on the incredibly beautiful gardens that interlace the apartment houses of low income groups. There is no serious criticism of this extravagance. It is not considered extravagant; it is considered Mexican.

And not only gardens, but gymnasiums, swimming pools, kindergartens, social centers. Architects here are ambitious; their blueprints call for a new life as well as new plumbing. Antonio Acevedo Escobedo, in a recent magazine article describing the housing project named after former President Alemán, credits the layout of the place with a decline in juvenile delinquency among the civil service families living there.

This may sound dubious to northern sociologists disillusioned with housing project psychology, especially in view of the fact that Mexican planners tend to base their claims on

(Continued on page 20)



Some years ago there existed, in the picturesque dilapidated entranceway of what was once a colonial palace in the center of Mexico City, a heaped and scattered accumulation of glamorous old silks and velvets, tassels, parchments, musty books, stones from old temples and injured saints; or in other words an antique shop of the ingenuous most exciting kind.

So it appeared.

And, tumbled among the old stirrups, grinding-tones, stuccoed images and faded chasubles, one found — one couldn't help but find and at the very doorstep moreover! — canvases that, to anyone with even so much as glancing knowledge of Mexican art, appeared to be 18th and 19th century "primitives": portraits of children



the *Horacio* industry

mostly, with doves and flowers and recurrent accessory and background motif.

They looked exactly like the portraits it was customary for the upper classes to commission and hang in their drawing rooms; mostly of their wives and children, sometimes of grandpa or Aunt Cecilia, Dame of a Court or any-way distinguished and wearing cascades of lace on her ample bosoms, and nearly always holding a rose delicately in her well modelled, accurately and delicately painted hand. The children wore their ceremonial best, too, of course. The little girls, pantalets and much pale blue ribbon, the little boys, miniature frock coats and pantaloons; and they too, held a rose.

The pattern is well known and most museums of popular art in Mexico now have at least a few magnificent examples of such paintings, which indeed, maintain a pretty high degree of skill as well as charm. So even to connoisseurs, they are acceptable as that perfect accent of color and quaintness in a room furnished however you please; including modern. But especially if you or your clever decorator, have been able to acquire other relics of stately days from other hideaway ingenuous dealers, the rare and perfect find is the right picture on your walls; not quite an ancestor.

But there was a rather peculiar thing about these particularly perfect canvases in that special doorway in the old palace downtown: if



EL MAESTRO Horacio, long an anonymous figure who flooded the market with charming and decorative art of another century, still turns out an incredible amount of work. Main reason for his never-ending production is the large family, partly shown above, which he must support with his brush.



CHILD WITH BIRD, above, is a classic in the Horacio style... the angelic expression, the intricate finery, the finely-pointed hands, and the richly detailed backgrounds. Fragments at right were selected to draw attention to Horacio's fine eye for slick-but-naïve decoration.

you turned them over, the owner of the place, a gnome-like character cast to type, turned ogre was likely to slam the iron shutters in your very nose, if you didn't respond adequately to his surly attitude and stop asking questions or turning those canvasses over and then looking again at the painted side. Buy was what you were supposed to do; and many a clever decorator did. Just the same the fact was, there was something very interesting indeed about those pictures. The canvasses were indubitably old; while the paint, or much of it, was also and just as indubitably fresh.

So you'd ask — yourself, since the ogre was glum about history — were they old? If so, were they restored, so naively that the fresh paint was left with all its Dupont showing...? Were they attempts at falsifications...? If so, why so innocently glistening new? Moreover, whoever was doing the restoring, or falsifying or whatever the intention was, was obviously a first-rate painter — right out of the middle of the 19th century at the very latest, with the same sweet, naive, sentimental outlook that



the original artists of provincial towns a hundred years ago made permanent in their own canvasses; and as dexterous as they, at handling webs of lace and the other delicate items of their style.

Another interesting fact was this, that the pictures were — so said the ogre — from a very reluctant collector in an old old old hacienda out in San Luis Potosi; who, it was evident as time went on, seemed to have a collection of a

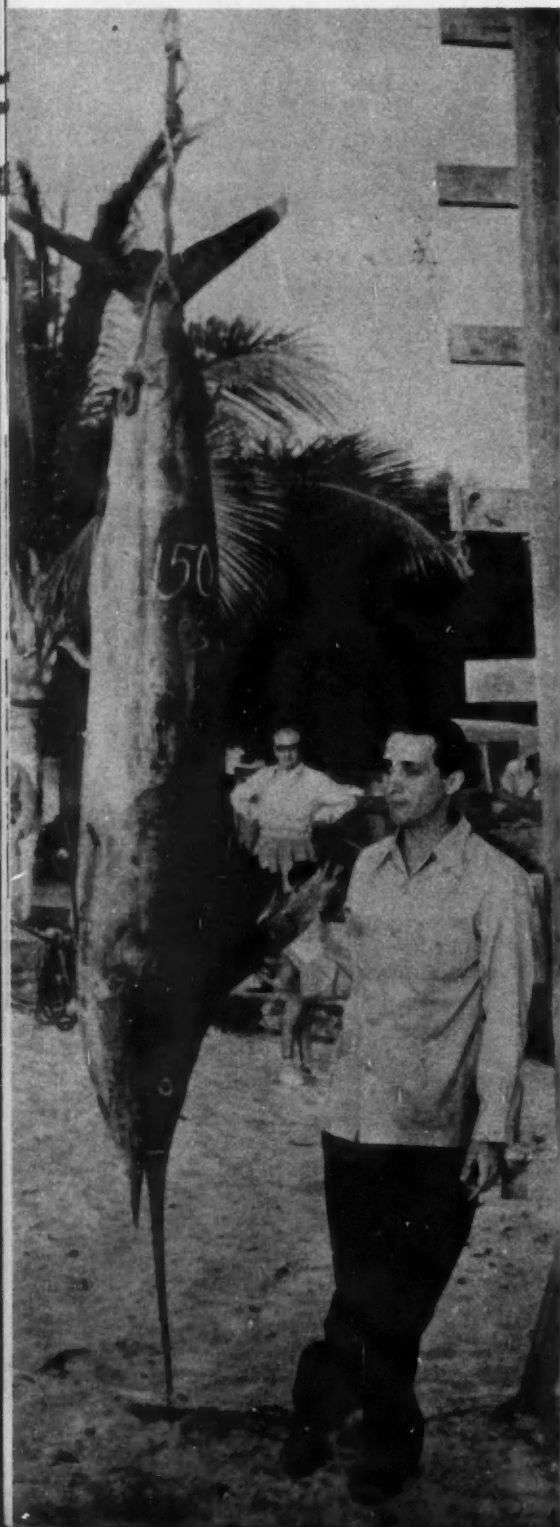
(Continued on page 23)





CHILD SEATED ON TERRACE, by Horacio.

PROUD MOMENT, which of course has to be recorded for posterity, is the weighing in of the day's catch. Mexican waters abound in game fish, so much so that some tournaments are based on the number of fish caught, tagged, and released again. Boats just aren't big enough to bring them in.



by Toss Olsen

The feather lure-skipped along the blue water, leaving a V-shaped wake when it dug into a swell. Just then a young boy on the bow yelled "tortuga!" and pointed to where a big sea turtle lolled, rocking gently with the swells. The boat swung around abeam of the turtle and the boy dove cleanly into the water, swam a few strokes and caught the slumbering turtle by the flippers. At that moment a sailfish hit the lure.

The big American had never caught a bill fish before and he was excited. He kept a tight line, though, and was holding his own until a hundred pounds of angry turtle was dumped into the cockpit with him. As he described the taking of his first sail "It was the damndest dance I've ever done. Take in line, jump! Let out line, jump! I call it the Acapulco Reel."

When you start out on a day of big game fishing in Mexico you never really know what might happen. There is always the extra bit for kicks—or good eating later. That particular bellicose turtle was cooked in his shell and furnished tasty tacos and soup for the fishermen, his boat crew and a host of beach boys.

This will not mean much to those dyed-in-the-wool sports fishermen who travel thousands of miles for just the chance of hooking into one of the big fighting fish; but for those who want to mix some play and sun with the fish and fun, Mexico has no serious competition. And even for the "compleat angler," Mexican waters are still practically untouched. Not too long ago one party out of Acapulco tagged and released 25 Sails. Try doing *that* north of the border.

Big game fishing in Mexico is pretty well two-sided, East and West coast. Along the Pacific there are Sailfish, Striped and Black Marlin, Blue and Yellowfin Tuna, Broadbill Swordfish and Dolphin.

Deep sea fishing in Mexican waters is a sportsman's dream, and for the adventurer, there's always the unexpected

GAME FISHING

The East Coast is the big Tarpon country from the Tampico region down to the Yucatecan peninsula. There are no other big game fish on the Gulf coast, although Sails have been reported in the fast moving Yucatecan current off Cozumel Island.

Fishing tournaments are held in every fishing center in Mexico and attract fishermen by the hundreds from both the United States and Canada. Probably the best known is the Tarpon Rodeo usually held in April in Tampico. The international Light Tackle Tournament Association sponsors Sailfish competitions in Acapulco, determining the winner by the most fish tagged and released in a given time. For more information on fishing in general or on coming tournaments write to Bill Kirten, Secretary of the Sailfish and Tarpon Club de Mexico at Londres 87, México, D. F.

Almost any salt water on either coast will hold some of the big fish, but the sections where there are fish as well as boats and accommodations for the fishermen are listed below starting at the northern ports and working on down the coasts.

WEST COAST

La Paz: This is Hart Stillwell's favorite Mexican fishing ground for the big ones. Striped and Black Marlin, Tuna, Sailfish and occasionally Broadbill Swordfish. The fishing is exceptionally good during the early spring months.

Guaymas: Striped and Black Marlin, Sailfish, Tuna and the scrappy Dolphin

are at their best from April into October.

Mazatlán: The fishing for Marlin reaches its peak during February and although the season is considered to run from January through May, both Marlin and Sailfish are taken all year around.

Manzanillo: Sailfish are plentiful and there are some Marlin. Fishing is good throughout the year, but the weather is best in winter and early spring.

Zihuatanejo: Sailfish, Marlin, Tuna and Dolphin. Year around fishing. A beautiful spot just now beginning to feel the influence of the tourist trade.

Acapulco: The glamorous resort area of Mexico—indeed of the world—has long been known by fishermen as a hot spot for big game fishing. Several international Sailfish tournaments are held here each year and boat and guide facilities are more complete than in any other area. Sailfish, Acapulco Black, Striped and Silver Marlin, Dolphin and Blue as well as yellowtail Tuna.

EAST COAST

Tampico: This is headquarters for the big silver fish. The world record Tarpon, 247 pounds, was caught here as was the record for 130-pound line, 191.8 pounds of bone and muscle. Both of these fish were caught in the nearby Panuco River. The Panuco can be fished all year, but the Gulf fishing is limited pretty much by the weather. This part of the country is famous for its winter storms called *nortes*, and it would be wise to plan fishing for early spring on into October.

Tuxpan: Tarpon. Conditions much like the Panuco except that the Tuxpan river is much more sluggish. Same weather conditions.

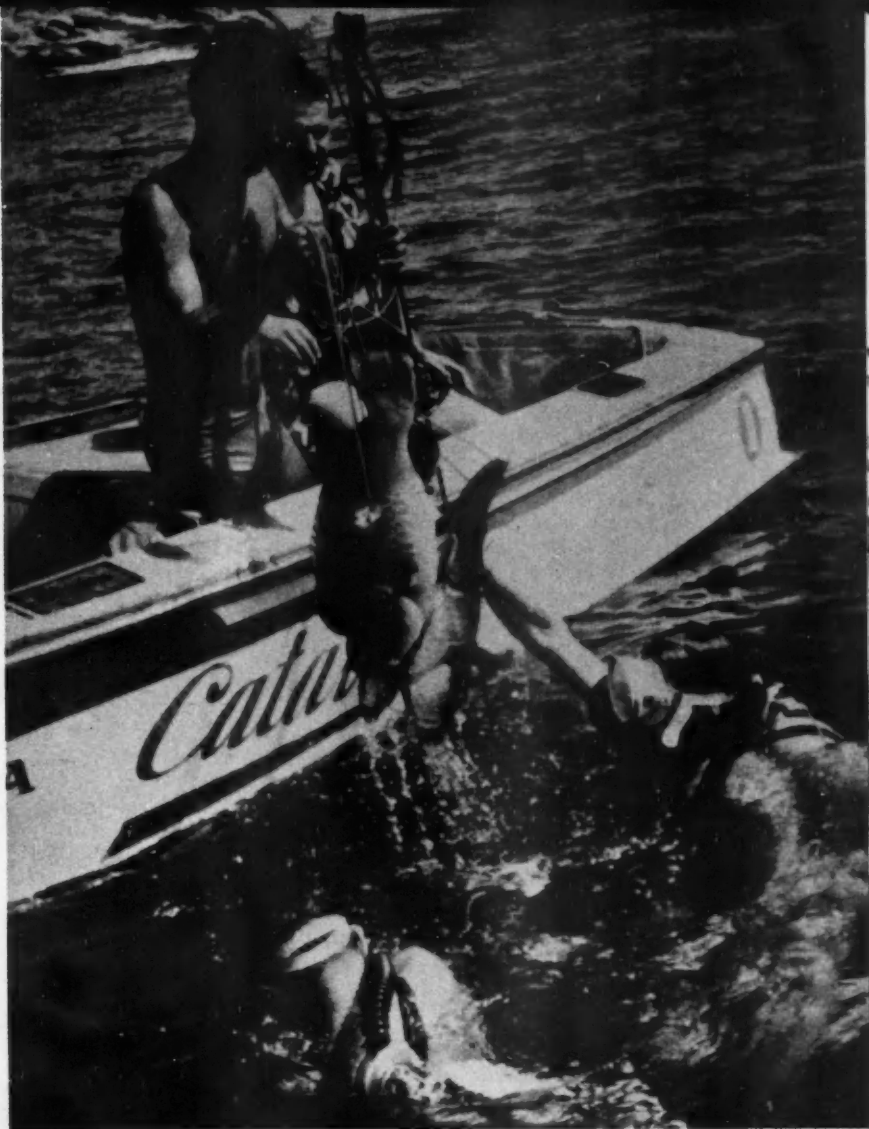
Veracruz: Tarpon. The best fishing is in May, either along the Veracruz reef area or about 30 miles north, off a large guano-covered rock opposite Villa Rica.

Alvarado: Tarpon. Both river and salt water lagoons. Weather conditions much the same as Tampico and Veracruz. This is primarily a fishing village and, for those who speak Spanish, the villagers' picturesque use of the tongue will astound even those with mule skinner antecedents.

Puerto México: Tarpon. More often called Coatzacoalcas after the river by the same name that flows into the sea at this point.

Ciudad del Carmen: Tarpon. Excellent casting at dawn and at dusk continuing on into the night at Laguna de Terminos. Good trolling between Puerto Real and Aguada.

Cosumel: Tarpon, Sailfish and Marlin reported in fast-moving Yucatecan current off the shore of this beautiful Caribbean island. Fishing is good all year. Bad weather is confined to those months between October and February.



DIFFERENT APPROACHES to deep sea fishing are illustrated in these two photos. Skin divers with breathing tanks, spring-powered spears, and face masks prefer a more direct approach to the art of fishing. The two frogmen above made this catch in the shallow waters of Acapulco Bay.





by Amalia Millan

As an outsider I felt hesitant about the request I planned to make of the sorceress—that she help me with her love magic. My presence at the ceremonies was highly irregular, and I might not have been admitted in the first place but for the recommendation of a well-connected Aztec, my servant Juanita.

The scene was taking place in a little village of Tlaxcala. The sorceress, Tencha by name, was a very young woman, but her features showed the cunning of ancient inherited culture—all the more striking on a face that displayed marked Spanish traits.

At the moment she was arranging the marital problems of an Indian woman in obvious distress. The woman had been abandoned by her husband. After a necessary offering, of *copal* had burned before a faded image of St. Anthony, the *bruja* began making complicated passes over certain effigies. These magical items, fashioned out of a *magney*, represented portions of the body of the unfaithful husband.

Having recited the "credo" and gone through an additional repertory of invocations, Tencha handed the stricken woman twin effigies representing the soles of the husband's feet. Next the woman was given the "soles" of her own feet, with instructions to keep the two pairs together and carry them on her person always. The client went away satisfied.

It was now my turn. I explained my sincere desire to prove the power of Tencha's honorable profession, and succeeded in convincing her that I, too, needed help. She became quite

informative in a dignified way. She showed me the written source of her knowledge: books entitled "The Treasure of the Hechicero" and Black and White Magic." I could see that she knew how to read but, like any experienced practitioner, was so thoroughly at home in her work that she no longer needed to consult the textbook.

After burning in a censer some grains of "estoraque" (storax gum), dry leaves of laurel, and other herbs, Tencha murmured: "House of Jerusalem where Jesus Christ entered, evil immediately left, with good entering. I too ask

of Jesus that the evil leave here and the good come for you, by the sure path. Amen." Shaking a bunch of flowers in the four corners of the poor room and making a series of cabalistic movements and signs close to me, she announced that I had been purified and ready to receive the beneficent forces.

She gave me a cloth doll. "Put it in a pot, cover it well and bury it in the patio of your house, and only when he doesn't behave himself take it out and stick pins into the heart..."

After this Tencha discoursed on the broad aspects of her work. Though she acknowledged

February is the month of witches' congresses + when powers are rebuilt for making rains, recuperating souls, and curing ills.



MAGIC enters the Mexican way of life, for its curing powers, psychological effects, and for entertainment. Right, a street magician performs for a gathered crowd. Above is a "bruja" from the Otomi tribe.

the efficacy of many different amulets, as well as potions to be given the loved one without his knowledge—she showed me many of these—she herself had achieved the most satisfactory results by the magic of the Stone and Holy Water. These were the "surest for conservation of marital happiness." Of course, she added, such talisman as deers' eyes, magnetic pouches, and magic perfume were also magnificent.

When we said goodbye Tencha confided that she never recommended a certain potion made of "toloache," a poisonous plant. Some of her colleagues had been jailed because the victims, after consuming this preparation, had to be taken at once to an insane asylum. Other In-

dians treated with the potion still wandered at large, "possessed" of a "strange" disease.

In general these *bruja*s and magicians, to whom control of the supernatural seems the most natural thing in the world, might well be leaders in any community. They are dedicated, intuitive personalities, who penetrate into the consciousness of their obedient flocks and conserve the ancestral tradition.

Many magicians I interviewed observe rigorous fasts and disciplines. These practices, plus the absence of material worries (sorcerers usually receive their compensation in the form of gifts rather than money) permit them to maintain a visionary status—continual consultation with their totemic forebears who, ever watchful, still live among the ruins and on the heights of sacred mountains.

The ancient lore—both for *bruja*s and for humbler practitioners of magic—is not of course exclusively Indian. In a spirit of syncretic tolerance they welcome the power of the

Christian faith as well.

Few ceremonies have impressed me as much as the one I chanced to witness in a church in Tlaxcala. The interior was dimly lighted at dusk by candles. Among the shadows I saw an Indian woman who silently drew up to a side altar and, with feline movements, hung a ribbon on the arms of an image of a black saint, a very black saint. After a fervent prayer at the statue's feet the woman retired, seemingly comforted. I soon learned the significance of that rite from the parish priest, who had been unable to eradicate it.

I was told that the Aztec women who live in that region had found the very saint they needed to keep their husbands by their side. For many years this task has been entrusted to St. Anthony, who according to legend was a Negro because he had appeared in Africa. His statue showed how well he had done his work, for numerous picturesque ribbons—represent-

(Continued on page 24)

JOAQUIN, a Zapotec child, gravely ill. His little body is inhabited by a giant toad. The proof of this diagnosis is evident (or was evident to the *bruja*, Micaela) from an examination of the egg that has just been broken by the boy's side. He is about to receive a magic potion with emetic qualities that will relieve him of the toad—plus anything else he el.



RUNAWAY GIGANTICISM

(Continued from page 12)

intuition and theory rather than a study of case histories.

But Escobedo's intuition—if such it is—has a very logical ring. Teen-age residents at the Centro Urbano Presidente Alemán, he claims, spend so much of their leisure time in the recreation facilities just outside their front doors—enjoying themselves under the very eyes of their parents—that a new feeling of familiarity develops between the generations. Familiarity, in this case, breeds respect; and respect, responsibility. In a characteristic passage Escobedo maintains that marriage, rather than rape, has become the preferred method of demonstrating masculinity among the young bucks of the Centro Alemán.

Other rooms, other voices. In the tropics of Tabasco, in the new Pemex City, the government oil corporation (Petroleos Mexicanos) has provided equally modern but much simpler housing for its laborers. In these rooms the voices have a genuine peasant quality. They are debating, for example, whether to keep live poultry in and around the living quarters—which the corporation permits—rather than buy fresh meat daily at the Pemex store—which the corporation urges. Again, no use of authoritarian coercion; again a gradual transition from the folkways of the *ejido*.

Ciudad Pemex rose literally out of the jungle. Its unskilled workers come from primitive agricultural communities in the surrounding countryside. This there are no second-hand homes for them to learn in; only bright new cottages. These must represent a compromise between architectural beauty and foolproof design—a minimum of gadgets to be misunderstood and broken. As for the functional art of dwellings, the Indians like it fine but they add art of their own, with religious or magic overtones. The combination is often startling and always esthetic.

This is the kind of housing project the Mexican government likes best. It is a basic attack on the problem of urban giganticism; it diverts the exploding population from the cities to the

LUXURY HOUSING developments are springing up on all sides of Mexico City. Above is the imaginative Gardens of Pedregal, built on an undulating lava bed. In the center is Ciudad Satelite, with its astonishing concrete pylons shown in the inset. Below is the spacious University City on the southeast edge of town.



countryside. Ciudad Pemex, a state-run community engaged in a state-owned business, is the most spectacular but not by any means the only example of de-centralization.

Other, privately owned, projects are springing up among the date-palms and cactuses. Outside Querétaro, for example, they are building a plant which will put Mexicans into the zinc-refining business for the first time on a large scale. The plant forms the nucleus of an uncrowded residential section. Both plant-builders and house-builders are getting preferred financial treatment in the form of tax exemptions, low-interest loans from the Nacional Financiera and government endorsement of loans from foreign sources.

The pulp and paper industry, concentrated heretofore around Mexico City, is decentralizing itself into amply forested areas. There are three major mills: Cía. Industrial de Atenequique (kraft paper); Celulosa de Chihuahua (celulose pulp); and Tuxtepec (newsprint).

And so on, across the mountains and into the trees, or jungles, or deserts, as the case may be. A quirk of economic fate has facilitated the process: the decline of family corporations and the rise of corporate giants. The old families preferred having their industrial property close to home, where a paternal-managerial eye could be kept on the workings, and home was generally Mexico City. Corporate giants, on the other hand, do not get homesick. They can establish plants far from the bright lights and pick managers willing to rough it. This somewhat accidental factor, according to economists here, has been tremendously important in tearing industry from the city's apron-strings.

But future managers are not necessarily doomed to the desert or jungle. They may find themselves comfortable orbiting in a satellite—a self-contained community than can house, feed, and amuse its inhabitants in sophisticated style; close enough to the metropolis for business, theater, or night club excursions, yet far enough away to avoid jamming the urban works.

Such a community is Satellite City—still beckoning well-to-do city dwellers with its pylons, its real estate, and its blueprint for luxury. It will shortly sprout homes, gardens, schools, streamlined churches, a hospital, a drive-in movie. The vacancies left in Mexico City will, of course, acquire new tenants—perhaps a notch lower on the economic scale.

The changeover will mark another step in Mexico's conquest of space.



*Urbanism and its effects,
seen by Prof. Burtoli.*

Taxes in Mexico

by John Morris Ryan

Businessmen everywhere spend a good deal of time complaining about the taxes they have to pay. This is to be expected. It is hard enough to take on the risks of enterprise without having to worry whether the government will take the lion's share of the profits.

Things are different in Mexico, as many industrialists have happily discovered. In their first years of operation—with the blessing of the government—they can run a nearly tax-free enterprise. This is Mexico's way of encouraging new and needed industries.

If you are an interested industrialist, here are some answers to the questions you most likely would ask:

How important are these tax exemptions? Statistics speak for themselves: In the 1949-54 period, the Mexican government excused 680-million pesos in taxes, more than the total initial capital of all the companies receiving tax benefits. No figures have been published since 1954, but it is known that remissions in the past five years have been greater still.

Who receives these benefits? They are granted to two classes of industrial firms: 1) the *new* industry that produces important goods or services in Mexico for the first time; and 2) the *needed* industry, producing important goods and services still in short supply. Definitely excluded from these categories, however, are tobacco products, alcoholic beverages, and industries which may have socially harmful consequences.

How does a new or needed industry qualify for exemption? By meeting one of the following conditions:

- 1) If an industry brings about a fundamental transformation in its raw materials.
- 2) If an assembly plant uses Mexican parts only; or if it makes 35% or more of its own parts and does not spend more than 40% of its direct costs on imported parts.
- 3) If the industry produces for export, incurs at least 60% of its direct costs on Mexican materials and labor, and needs tax benefits in order to compete successfully in the world market.
- 4) If an extractive industry (aside from metals mining which is subject to special legislation) processes from its own products to serve as raw materials for Mexican industry.

Eager to attract new industry, Mexico makes things easy by offering certain tax privileges. An expert on the subject explains how they work.

5) If a service industry is considered to be of vital importance to the nation.

How long do tax benefits run? Five classifications are set up:

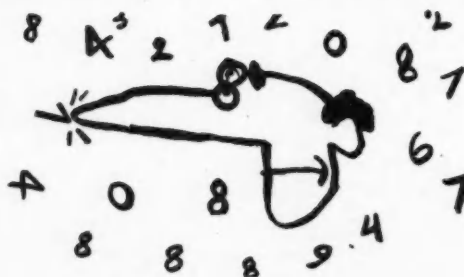
- 1) Basic industries—those which produce raw materials, machinery, equipment, or vehicles used in operations of fundamental importance to Mexican agricultural or industrial progress, if they are able to supply at least 20% of the Mexican market. Basic industries are entitled to tax benefits for ten years, renewable for another five years if profits have been small.
- 2) Semi-basic industries—those which manufacture industrial tools or equipment, scientific apparatus, products required for important industrial processes, or vital consumer goods, if they are able to supply 15% of Mexican demand. Semi-basic industries are entitled to tax privileges for a period of seven years, renewable for five more if profits have been low.
- 3) New or needed industries which cannot qualify as either basic or semi-basic are granted five year exemptions, non-renewable.
- 4) Export industries which incur 60% or more of their direct costs for Mexican labor and materials get one-year exemptions, which

ducts; 7) Extent of benefits provided for workers.

What taxes are subject to reduction? Reductions and exemptions apply to all of the important federal taxes: up to 40% of the normal income tax; up to 60% of the commercial receipts tax; up to 100% of import duties on machinery and raw materials; up to 100% of export duties; and up to 100% of export duties; and up to 100% of the stamp tax on documents.

Are there state and local tax privileges for new industry? Yes. Such privileges are more and more widespread. For example, the state of Mexico, including the important industrial zone of Tlalneptla just outside of Mexico City, gives up to ten-year exemptions from all important state and local taxes except the property tax on land. Even in the case of the property tax, new factory buildings get ten-year exemptions. A neighboring state, Morelos, offers exemptions up to 20 years from all taxes except the real property tax. These exemptions are available not only to industry but to beneficial agricultural and commercial investments helpful to lower income groups.

There is hardly a town or state in Mexico where additional encouragements for a new in-



may be renewed repeatedly up to ten years.

5) Depending on size of capital, work force, and capacity, vital service industries may obtain five to ten year exemptions.

What are the determining factors in amount of tax reductions? The Mexican government takes the following elements into consideration: 1) Use of Mexican machinery, equipment, and raw materials; 2) Amount of capital; 3) Size and training of work force; 4) Productive efficiency and extent of research facilities; 5) Percentage of Mexican markets supplied; 6) Economic importance of the pro-

dustry may not be obtained by negotiating with local chambers of commerce or local governments. The Chamber of Commerce in Guadalajara, for instance, has even been advertising abroad its willingness to roll out the red carpet for interested industrialists.

No one can sneeze at the tax incentives offered by Mexico to new industry. A point to consider: It is reported that before Celanese Mexican's ten-year benefit finally ran out last year they were worth more than \$2,000,000 a year to stockholders.

For newcomers, the latchstring is still out.

(Continued from page 14)

most incredible size, and all pretty much the same pink-faced little girl or solemn-eyes little boy. With the same copper pots and pans on the same kitchen wall, or the same toy on the same balustraded veranda. They seemed to have been painted for a family that either never was satisfied that their darlings were just right, in the final portrait, or else perhaps they gave them away at Christmas time to all their friends and relatives; and still had stacks left in their attic.

They were all signed—in fresh paint, and with a flourish—exactly alike: Horacio. So, one or two sardonic reporters with knowledge of painting dug, not very energetically, into the story. But came up against the surly ogre, or else, just mysteriously smiling decorators. Until one day...

One day the art critics of the Mexican press received an invitation to a press conference with—no less—Horacio!

The press was received in a handsomely furnished studio, where it was evident that maybe movies might have been shot from time to time, of the Bohemian life in Paris at the turn of the century. But certainly no working painter ever painted anything there, and certainly never the hundreds, or perhaps by now, thousands, of canvases all signed Horacio.

Horacio, posing before an elegant easel, didn't say much, except to identify himself as the author of the 18th and 19th century works that by this time were flooding the smart shops and upper class homes in Mexico City and going in assembly-line amounts, to chic decorator places in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Los Angeles... No lady of leisure was anybody at all, in Mexico City at least, who didn't own at least one Horacio. Mrs. O'Dwyer had six of them, beautifully placed on the main wall of the Embassy foyer.

What Horacio wanted to say to the press was mainly, that from here on out Horacios were to be purchased via Horacio's agent, a very eager young man very much on hand with the drinks, and patting into place the brocades and swords and other prospects on the studio walls.

But something was *still* very much out of kilter in the picture. Horacio himself very evidently was, as a person, anything but a phony or a plant. He was a youngish to middle-aged unpretentious type, could have been a schoolteacher maybe or a bookkeeper or a judge's clerk, or a pharmacist, or a master carpenter or a bassoon player; in other words very much like an ordinary everyday working artist is.

Precisely. An ordinary everyday working artist with eight children, coming in to the capi-

tal from San Luis Potosi, what could he do to feed them...? Not to mention the shoes and so on. Therefore, one day when peddling little landscape oils of picturesque Mexico to the tourist shops and making the rounds of all dealers, even the most unlikely, he came upon the ogre who, being very smart in antiques with a wide clientele among decorators, saw the skill in his brushwork and textures and made him a proposition...

And thus began the Horacio industry, whereby all the little Horacios ate regularly, at a price of so much per decorators' jewel. About enough so that if papa turned out, say, three or four a day, they barely made it, although—to Mrs. O'Dwyer and other customers who discovered the entranceway and the gnome—the price was about twenty to one what the artist was receiving.

It's business, isn't it?—demanded the gnome when the artist grumbled, and if you don't like it there's other artists can do the same...

But eventually the resentment got to be too much for him, and he exploded in rebellion, and called that famous press-conference, with the help of his friend who would henceforth act as agent. Horacios began to appear from sources other than the gnome, but sure enough, they never diminished from that doorway either. Knowing that the quality was considerably cruder, so the entrance-way became somewhat less visited by people who were dropped there by their chauffeurs. At which point the gnome went plaintively to the artist, and begged him to come back. Think, he said; he had almost



GIRL IN LACE VEIL by Horacio.

finished building an apartment-house from the proceeds...! How could he leave him mid stream like that!

So—there being eight little Horacios hungry every day, the artist did a few more for his old patron, as the gnome insisted on being called. But it was never the same again, and the gnome couldn't get enough from this Horacio for his national and international assembly-line to be kept as briskly moving as his construction job required. The other artists who signed themselves similarly, with the same red paint and flourish but a different name, filled in the gap. But collectors wanted not only the style; they wanted the signature too. A genuine antique by the true Horacio.

So now there is a flourishing industry, very flourishing indeed, of Horacios signed Horacio but not painted by Horacio, going to fine homes and decorator shops. While Horacio himself, being no businessman, makes his 18th and 19th century masterpieces, signed Horacio too. The market is glutted so they don't, say his agents, bring the same prices that they used to. Therefore he still has to turn out almost the same astonishing number of them that he did before, and he does it with the same astonishing skill in minute and delicate detail, and the same naive charm. Wishing, as he paints day in day out, that somehow or other a miracle would happen giving him the time, peace of mind, and leeway by means of what he, like any other artist, could just paint; and the eight children still be fed.

MAGIC



(Continued from page 19)

ing rectified husbands — hung from his arm. An Indian woman who wants to control her mate proceeds carefully, while he sleeps, to measure him from head to toe with a ribbon. This ribbon she then deposits in the hand of the saint, protector of love.

I have been lucky enough to visit some of the principle "witch colleges" in towns where the famous *hechiseros* of the surrounding regions meet regularly to hold serious conferences. These Indian metropolises, present day Chaldea, are Pótam, Yaqui village in Sonora; San Andrés de la Cal, center of Zapotecan *brujos* in Oaxaca, and Pahuatlán and Mayo, Otomí villages located in the states of Puebla and Hidalgo, respectively.

In the Yaqui village of Pótam some time ago, I met "Madre Petra." This was my first introduction to a real *bruja*. In contrast to what might have been expected, her appearance was most placid and genteel. She gave me a friendly, reassuring smile and we were soon great friends. Madre Petra confided to me the secret of her great knowledge. She is a witch by inheritance, in the tradition where each family follows a certain profession. She inherited her knowledge as a small girl from her mother who in turn had received her knowledge of magic from her mother.

Possessed of a many-faceted talent Madre Petra used it in a broad range of activities. On occasion she is called to the *velorios* (wakes) as a leader of prayer, and to beg of the dead before burial that they will not return to the place of the living. In this ceremony the priestess, possessed of a deep mysticism, continues her pious duties for two or three days until the body is buried.

The village of Teotitlán del Valle, Oaxaca, was holding a fiesta. The committee in charge of religious images and festivals, the *Mayordomía*, was in session. Thus I could meet the best known of the *bruja* *femenina*; these women direct all the village religious ceremonies, counselled always by the *Mayordomo*.

Micaela, for example, was an imposing sorceress. She never smiled. Her unseeing gaze seemed directed always toward the mountains — the symbol of the heroic past of her people. In a long talk we had she explained many interesting things to me. Her speciality was the "evil eye" — its cure or its infliction — a com-

mon preoccupation in those villages.

To guard against it, she assured me, every woman should sleep with her blouse fastened by a girdle made of maguey fibre. "Evil eye" can come from an eclipse, and women about to give birth should therefore hide themselves from any eclipse.

She told me that when a Zapotecan child is born the father goes outdoors and looks for an animal. The first one he finds — be it a coyote, a snake, or a parrot — he takes home and leaves with the newborn. Micaela never tires of advising her people that they should find only

dogs, for children have actually been killed by other animals. There is another custom that Micaela wants to eradicate: when the child dies, the animal protector is killed and they are buried together. Micaela doesn't believe it should be done because it gives the animals human souls. Christians who were bad in this world are liable to be punished in this way.

Micaela, like most of her sister and brother priests, of magic, is a sincere person with a deep sense of right. Educated in another environment, these mystics would have made magnificent leaders.

Ask the man who's been there



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Mardi Gras Stops Where to Stay

Veracruz, Veracruz

Many hotels from which to choose. Following two are examples

Hotel Emporio, pleasant, downtown hotel moderately priced.

Hotel Mocambo, six miles south on the beach. Medium high prices.

Mazatlán, Sinaloa

Hotel Belmar, located on the ocean-front.

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Reasonable.

Hotel la Siesta, good, well operated ocean-front hotel. Little more expensive.

Motel los Flamíngos, north edge on Highway 15 convenient to the beach. Dining room and cocktail lounge adjacent. Prices reasonable with air conditioning extra.

Hotel Playa Mazatlán, 4 miles north on Gaviota Beach. Described as budget-priced, and offering every service including fishing arrangements.

Tampico, Tamaulipas

Hotel Tampico, centrally located and low-priced.

Colorado Courts, modest prices and some of the units have kitchens.

Mérida, Yucatán

Hotel Colón, comfortable, commercial type hotel, well maintained and low-priced.



Hotel Mérida, good and not expensive.

Morelia, Michoacán

Hotel Virrey de Mendoza, colonial-style featuring good food and service at reasonable prices.

Villa San Jose, in Santa Maria hills, 2 miles south on Highway 15. American plan mid-dling high. Attractive individual cottages. Admirable food.

Guadalajara, Jalisco

Hotel Morales, comfortable, well-established of Spanish colonial design. Rates also comfortable.

Campo Bello Motel & Restaurant, 2 miles south on Highway 15. Adjoining dining



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Our own Directory

room boasts of its cuisine. Medium high prices.
Many more hotels in Guadalajara from which to choose.

Ensenada, Baja California

Bahia Resort Hotel, ¼ mile south of town. Beach-resort type and fairly expensive.
Cadillac Motel, 1st & Balboa streets. Modern, attractive and not cheap.

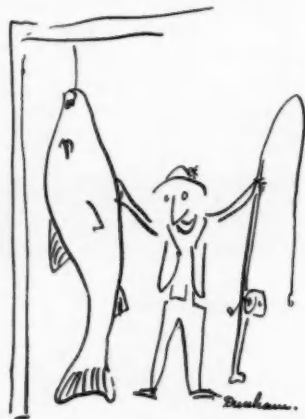
Huejotzingo, Puebla

This Mardi Gras stop is a little more than an hour's drive from either Puebla or Mexico City. Both cities have ample hotel facilities.

Fishing Ports Where to Stay

Guaymas, Sonora

Hotel Playa de Cortés, 2 miles west off of Highway 15 on Bacochibampo Bay. Good resort hotel with American Plan service. Not expensive. Fishing parties arranged.



Guaymas Inn, 2½ miles north on Highway 15. Motel with every comfort. Mid-high rates.

Mazatlán, Sinaloa

See Mardi Gras Stop.

Zihuatanejo, Guerrero

Catalina is the largest and most up to date (see Jan. MTM) American Plan and medium priced. Other hotels are located on the main beach, and all are clean and comfortable.

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Our own Directory

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Tampico, Tamaulipas

See Mardi Gras Stops.

Tuxpan, Veracruz

Hotel Los Mangos, rather inexpensive. Cottages are also available.

Veracruz, Veracruz

See Mardi Gras Stops.

Alvarado, Veracruz

Hotel Puerto de Alvarado, very inexpensive, and that is all we know.
Ceñal, boarding house with equally modest rates.

Ciudad del Carmen, Campeche

Hotel Roma & Hotel Fernandez, both are reasonable.

Campeche, Campeche

Two hotels are listed: Hotel López and the Castelmarr. Middle class and not expensive.

Cozumel, Quintana Roo

Miyalaum, rooms or cottages. Semi-luxurious establishment is ably managed by an American couple. (See Nov. 1958 MTM). Medium high rates on the American Plan.
Hotel Playa Cozumel, also very comfortable and well managed. Comparable rates on the American plan.

Regardless of your destination, Mardi Gras or fishing, readers are advised to make reservations in advance.

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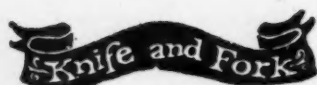
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by Joan López Bermúdez

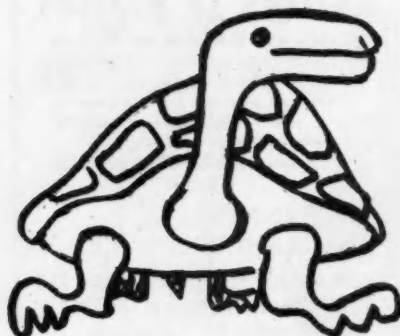
A recent trip to the United States and its multitude of huge and well-ordered markets stocked with every manner of canned and frozen foods has convinced me that (1) it is the nation with the greatest abundance of food in the world, and (2) no one living there would ever try the following recipe even if all the ingredients were in the front lawn. We living in Mexico, however, have occasion to struggle with unplucked birds, the raw elements of a soup, pea pods and, if a coast dweller, perhaps a turtle in his shell! The latter is a provocative subject for both cooks and fishermen, or a combination of same.

The sea turtle from the West coast of Mexico measures more than two feet in length: He is captured fairly easily when he surfaces to sleep or to court, and is thrown in a boat on his back. The female turtle always lays her eggs on the beach, and it is then that she is taken prisoner. Since the eggs are also gathered for consumption, there may someday be a serious shortage of turtles.

The real Mexican on-the-spot way of cooking the turtle is to use him as his own pot. Once he is killed, they clean him leaving only the meat of the chest. He is then placed shell down on a large fire. We will presume that all this action is on the beach. The natural oils from the meat and shell season the meat as it cooks, but to this is added chopped tomato and onion, chiles, salt, bay leaf, parsley, coriander, oregano, thyme and marjoram. This cooks for an hour or two, and is done when the meat pulls easily away from the shell. A word of warning, however, is that turtle meat eaters should stick together for at least 15 days following a feast. The odor of the oil exudes from the pores that long.

Another turtle recipe which may be more feasible for most homes Mexican and otherwise is borrowed from Miss Alice B. Toklas, and is as follows:

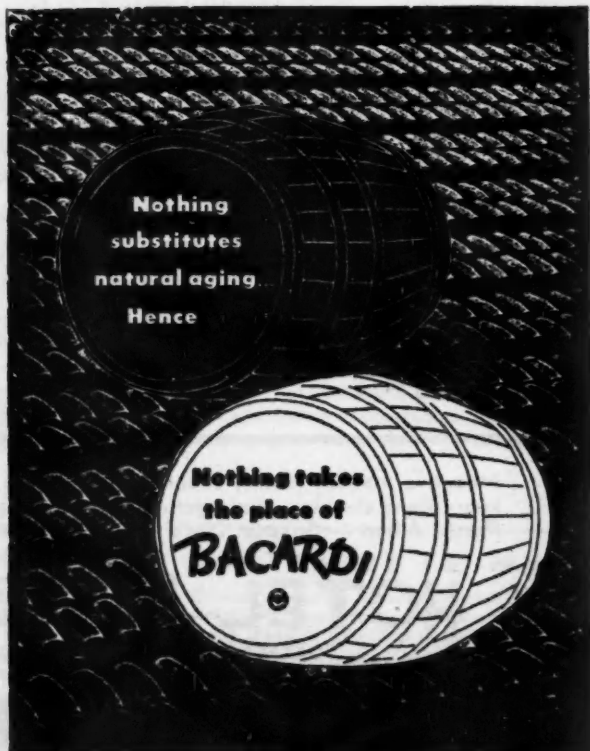
Do-it-yourself Turtle



Clear Turtle Soup

Soak 1/2 lb. sun-dried turtle meat in cold water for four days hanging the water each

day. On the fourth day prepare 1 stalk celery, 1 leek, 1 carrot, 2 onions and 1 turnip. Put 12 peppercorns, 3 cloves, 8 coriander seeds, a spring of basil, of rosemary, of marjoram and of thyme in a muslin bag. Put the vegetables, the bag of spices, condiments and turtle meat in a large stewpan. Cover with 4 quarts stock and bring to boil gently for 8 hours at least. Add stock if necessary, a little at a time, and be sure it is boiling. When the turtle meat is tender, remove from pan and put aside. Strain the soup through muslin. When the fat rises to the surface, carefully remove all of it. To clarify the soup add the whites of 3 eggs and the juice of 1/2 lemon. Put over moderate heat and bring to boil whisking continuously. When it boils, reduce heat, cover. In 10 minutes, strain through muslin. Cut the turtle meat into 1-inch slices, put into strained soup, add salt and a good pinch of cayenne, 1/2 cup best dry sherry per quart of soup. Serve hot. Miss Toklas says further that this is a tasty, nourishing but light soup.



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